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Wm Bronscombe 30.15

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The Grateful Stranger.

Ten lepers, each uttering his 'Kyrie Eleison!' What a mournful chorus, as they stand in the distance, cut off from intercourse with the world. Theirs was a terrible disease, foul, hideous, contagious. It grew worse day by day, was incurable, hereditary. It began minutely and ended with appalling completeness. It was death—death in the midst of life.

See our Lord's promptitude! He never kept a leper waiting. As soon as the ten uttered their mournful cry—keeping at the distance

"WERE THERE NOT TEN CLEANSED?"

of one hundred paces, as the law required—the Saviour cried to them, 'Go and show yourselves to the priests.' Here was a reasonable hint. They took it, for they had faith. They had heard of Jesus; now they confide in him. They knew about the priest and the leper, that the priest alone could pronounce him clean. Thus our Lord conformed to law and authority.

The ten dying men had not proceeded far on their way when life was imparted to their very heart by the beneficient Nazarene, standing in the distance and beholding them with compassion. Nine of them are hastening to Jerusalem, one to Gerizim. He is a Samaritan, and his fellow-countrymen have just rejected the Lord because his face was set toward Jerusalem. Yet Samaritans had been the first to acknowledge his Messiahship. One of them had received the immortal badge of 'the good Samaritan.' And here is another, full of grand impulses, with a mind bright, warm and superior to machanical detail. No sooner does he feel the throb of pure blood in his veins than he realizes that the One who wrought that miracle claims the first acknowledgment. He can see the priest to-morrow; he must come to Jesus to-day. The moment is precious and cannot be lost. Then he falls at Jesus' feet. That is faith. When philosophers and theologians discuss that mighty monosyllable, it is soon lost in obscure clouds of dust and ignorance, but when St. Luke shows us a leper at Jesus' feet, we know what it means; we can feel what is is, though we may not produce a dissertation.

'Where are the nine?'—'the thankless nine.' There is a mournful cadence in Jesus' words, that seems to vibrate after the long centuries. Let it appeal to our hearts to-day, so that we shall ask if we belong to the nine-tenths, or to the minority. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'—The 'Christian Pictorial.'

Miss Marsh and the Navvies

Navvies, by popular consent, are known to be a wild, migratory, and dangerous class. . . . It would have been strange indeed if two or three thousand men, of the very rawest and roughest sort, living almost entirely in the open air, congregated in some quiet village, and having no other resort or relaxation but the beer-house, should have passed months together without 'émeutes' which, at times, would require the strong arm of the law to subdue. It was left to one lady, singularly modest, as we may believe she was gentle, to awaken conviction in the minds of these outlaws. The soft word, the gentle admonition, changed the lion into the lamb. This lady was Miss Marsh, daughter of the Vicar of Beckenham. Part of her ministering work commenced with the formation of the Army Works Corps, which consisted, from first to last, of nearly four thousand men. News being brought to the Rectory, on the evening of the 19th of May, 1853, of the arrival of some of the men at Beckenham, Miss Marsh at once proceeded to make their acquaintance. The newcomers were described as the 'roughest lot that had ever come to the place.' Some little opposition was made at first, but very soon their hearts and confidence yielded to the interest which the men felt Miss Marsh had towards them. They had been met with friendly interest, and they returned it with generous sympathy. It was then easy to induce them to attend the 'readings.' At one of the cottage meetings, a navvy said at the close: 'I wish the whole lot could hear these things. We're all together outside the Crystal Palace at seven of a morning, and the paymaster says we're the finest lot he ever saw, and the wildest—just like four hundred roaring lions.' The hint was taken, Miss Marsh drove to the ground by seven the next morning. She joined the men in conversation, and distributed amongst them little books and cards of prayer. Not one uncivil word was spoken, not one unwilling hand received the prayer. This morning's visit, so cheerfully received, and so full of hopeful results, was repeated each morning at 'roll-call,' and always met with the same respectful reception. Previous to the departure of the men to the Crimea, Miss Marsh undertook to take charge of any part of the large wages which they chose to empower her to receive during their absence. A considerable number of the men accepted the proposal. They were each presented with receipts for their money orders, which, so soon as they understood, they flung back into the carriage by common consent, with something like a shout of disdain, at the supposition they could possibly require such a pledge of honesty from a friend and lady. Before leaving, the men received their wages in full; the day following, they expected to go on board a transport. That night more than a hundred of the workmen spent in drinking. To their credit, none of those who had attended the cottage 'readings' were amongst the number. The next morning, a terrible fight took place between the police and the workmen. As soon as Miss Marsh heard of the circumstance, she ordered her carriage, and drove to the scene of action.

She records the incidents in her journal, as they transpired, after her arrival:

'Just then, a great accession of navvies poured down from the top of the hill, and from the Crystal Palace gates, with cries of "Down with the police! rescue the prisoners! rescue the prisoners! punish the police well!"

'The police stood to their arms gallantly enough, for the numbers against them were overwhelming, and the men unjustly enraged. The moment was come. We drove between, and, like Nehemiah, in that moment's pause "I prayed to the God of Heaven." Then, turning to the crowd of some 500 men, with already upraised missiles, I said, "The first man who throws a stone is my enemy. We will have no more fighting to-day, by God's help! Go back, and give over for my sake—for the sake of that God of peace, of whom I have so loved to speak with you."

'A brief silence followed, and then some remonstrated: "Do you go away, ma'am. We wouldn't hurt you for anything, but it is not fair to hinder us paying off the p'leese."

'"I shall not go away till you are gone, if I stay here till midnight. You will not murder men before my eyes, I know!"

'"We don't want to vex you," said two or three spokesmen, "but we will set our mates free."

'"They shall be free," I said, "these innocent men whom we have seen taken prisoners before our eyes—if there be justice in England—they shall be free, to go with you to the Crimea. I pledge myself not to rest till it is done. Will you trust me?"

'There was a pause: and then a short conference between the leading spirits was followed by loud shouts of "Trust ye to the world's end!"

'"Then prove it by going back within the palace gates."

'In five minutes I was left alone with the police and the prisoners.'

The next morning Miss Marsh received a request that she would go out with the men to the Crimea, 'to keep them straight, and be with any of them who should die out there, in their last hours. And they humbly begged to know if they might take the best place on board for her, and pay for it amongst themselves.

During the absence of the navvies in the Crimea, Miss Marsh was in the constant receipt of letters of the most interesting kind from them, detailing their trials, resolutions, and convictions. Many of them laid down their lives upon the scene of their labors—not without giving evidence of their interest in the Saviour's mediation.—'Heroines of our Times.'

Securing and Caring for Converts.

One great object of effort on the part of every preacher ought to be the conversion of sinners. In every community unconverted people are to be found. Some of them attend religious services, but the vast majority of them seldom or never darken the doors of the house of God. There are three ways in which sinners may be reached. If they attend religious services they place themselves under the direct influence of the gospel, and so they are within reach of God's people. One way to reach those who are not churchgoers is for the Christians of any given community to search them out from house to house and personally labor with them and persuade them to turn from sin and accept Christ. Another way is for the pastor to follow the example of the good shepherd who left the ninety and nine sheep gathered within the fold and went out to seek for the lone wandering member of the flock. And it will be remembered that when the lost was found it was not driven home, but it was tenderly taken up in the arms of the shepherd and borne gently to a place of rest and safety.

In this great work of securing converts the pastor must have the active co-operation of his people; indeed, he ought to have the loving, loyal co-operation of all, from the youngest to the oldest. Especially should all unite with the pastor in earnest, believing prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the conversion of the unsaved.

It will be found in eternity that one of the greatest spiritual influences ever wrought by human agency for the salvation of the souls of men is earnest, faithful, effectual prayer. But this prayer in behalf of the unconverted and unsaved can only be offered by those who have a deep personal experience of the divine life. The men and women who have been most successful in their supplications have been those who have lived nearest to the cross and most in conformity to the will of God. If we would have access to the throne we must approach it with pure hearts and clean hands. Then we must be sure that we ask in conformity to the will of God and in harmony with the divine order. We know that it is the will of God that all should come unto him and be saved. It is contrary to his will that any soul should go down to death. But with the power of choice and the exercise of free will the sinner can frustrate the grace of God, and in spite of divine love and persuasion and redemption he can choose death for himself and resist successfully all holy influences used for his salvation. God will never break down and destroy the will and so unmake the man to save his soul from death. Hence we should never pray and never expect, that a soul may be saved except in harmony with the attributes with which God has so regally endowed humanity. If Christians will come to God in his own appointed way; if they come, themselves saved with the great salvation, then, if the word of Jesus is true, they may ask what they will and it shall be done unto them. They may also ask in behalf of others and prayer will be heard and answered just as really as when the man in the gospel went to his neighbor's to ask for bread for a friend who had come to him on a journey and similar importunate prayer will bring supplies of heavenly bread for hungry souls. Real revivals of religion take place only as the result of the work of the Holy Ghost in human hearts. But the Lord Jesus Christ, in that most wonderful of sermons recorded in John's gospel, tells us that when he is gone away he will send the Comforter, who shall convince the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. This means that the Spirit will be given to the unsaved in order to enlighten, convince and persuade them. The Spirit operates on such hearts in answer to prayer. Special gifts and graces of the Spirit only come in answer to special prayer. It is the duty of all God's people to call upon him in the name of Jesus to give his Spirit in gracious power to visit the hearts of the unsaved. The word of the Master is, 'Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'—Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—Holmes.

Judge Not.

(Irma B. Matthews, in the 'American Messenger.')

What matter if your brother man
Does not the things he ought to do,
Or that you think he ought? he may
Be thinking just the same of you.
Judge not.

What if a friend has fallen low
Beneath a load of sin and shame;
Should you the sinner's crime proclaim,
And blacken thus a brother's name?
Judge not.

You cannot read your brother's mind,
You cannot know the why and where;
But there is One that knoweth all,
So leave it to his love and care.
Judge not.

Judge not, my friend, the time will come;
For God is just, and if you do
As you have meted out to them,
You'll find it meted out to you.
Judge not.

Recreation Counsels.

(The Rev. E. L. Linley, in 'Zion's Herald.')

1. The object of all recreation should be to increase our capacity for work, happiness and usefulness. We should strive to keep right balance between work and play—have a mission in life, and bend every right effort in its fulfilment. In the words of Dr. Hale: 'We must keep the blood pure, the brain bright and the temper kindly and sweet.'

2. No amusement should be taken that blunts delicacy of feeling, infringes on true modesty, or deadens the sensitiveness of conscience. This was Susanna Wesley's rule, and appeals with firm conviction to any conscientious Christian.

3. The spirit must hold absolute supremacy over the body. The gratification of curiosity or sensuousness or aesthetic taste must never get the upper hand of deep religious conviction, and a will completely devoted to God and his work.

4. We have no right to take enjoyment which threatens the physical and spiritual welfare of those who contribute it.

5. The law of Christian stewardship must not be lost sight of. Money and time contain high privilege and great responsibility. They may not be invested arbitrarily or in spiritually unproductive channels without becoming forfeit to the Divine lender.

6. The importance of a safe and helpful example cannot be overestimated. Exhibitions which might revolt us and only strengthen our hatred for what is vile, might ensnare and seduce others, for Satan has a way of making deadly things look attractive.

Instantaneous.

Mr. Moody, speaking once of instantaneous conversion, said, that when he first visited Glasgow he was one night asking his audience at the close of the service whether there were not some present who would then and there accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, that they should come to Christ just now. 'I will come,' said a young man in the front row, rising from his seat, and holding his hands out in an imploring manner. No doubt that many thought him strangely excited and prophesied he would not last long as a convert. Eight years later, however, when Mr. Moody returned to Glasgow, this man sat on the platform beside him, having in the meanwhile become a minister of the gospel. As a matter of fact, every Christian is converted in an instant, whether he realizes it or not, from the time when many believed on Jesus while he spake, down to the present moment.—'Episcopal Recorder.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Misses at School.

There once was a school
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,
Taught a number of misses that vexed her;
Miss Chief was the lass
At the head of the class,
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap
Spilled the ink in her lap,
And Miss Fortune fell under the table.
Miss Conduct they all
Did a Miss Creant call,
But Miss State declared this was a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book,
And Miss Lead undertook
To show her the place where to find it;
But upon the wrong nail
Had Miss Place hung her veil.
And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

They went on very well,
As I have heard tell,
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding;
Miss Conjecture then guessed
Evil things of the rest,
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.
—'The Advance.'

What It Cost.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.*

(In Three Chapters.)

(The Rev. Edwin Green, B.A., in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

'What is the matter with you, Ronald?' said Ronald Baker's father to himself, as he sat that January evening, together with his son, in the dining-room of Woodbine Villa. Mr. Baker was reading. Ronald had a book before him, but though he had been honestly trying to read it the book had evidently failed to gain his interest. Ronald seemed to have the fidgets; first he puts his elbows on the table, and leaned his head upon his hands, as if he would master the book, in spite of outside disturbance or wandering thoughts. Then he pulled out his penknife, and beat a low tattoo upon the table; then, recollecting that his father was reading, he stopped his tapping music, opened the two blades, one full and the other half-way, and using finger and table for pivots, swung the knife round and round. Lastly, the knife was shut with a click, and put back into its owner's pocket.

'Ronald, my boy!' at length exclaimed his father.

'Oh! I beg your pardon, father,' said Ronald, thus brought to himself.

'Holidays gone too quickly, Ronald, eh? Yet school seems to have had its pleasures for you, although it was only your first term.'

'Oh, yes, father. Harley is a jolly place,' said Roland, changing his seat from the chair to the rug before the fire.

'Yet, Ronald, you were frowning a minute ago, and spoiling what good looks you ever possessed. What's the matter?'

'Nothing, father. I was only thinking.'

'All your things are right?' queried his father. 'Football toggery, and all that?'

'They are A 1,' answered Ronald.

'And you have enough money, I think,' continued his father.

'Yes, quite,' said Ronald. 'I wasn't thinking about any of these things.'

'I believe, Ronald, you wish to ask me something or tell me something, and do not like to begin.'

'You are a good guesser, father; but I think I shall stop at wishing.'

'Why should you, Ronald?' said his father, capturing Ronald's hand as it lay upon his father's knee.

'Because you would think I was awfully mean to have the wish in my head,' answered Ronald, slowly.

'If it's a bad wish I am glad you feel like that; but I don't think you will make it worse now by telling. I am not likely to be very hard upon you, Ronald, and to-night, too—your last night at home.'

'Well, father, school is a jolly place; I like it immensely. The only bother is that sometimes I wish I was not a teetotaller. There, father, you would have it, and now I have shocked you.'

'No, no, Ronald,' answered his father, but looking all the while very grave. 'I am glad you told me. There must be some reason for your wish, and it can hardly be that you wish to drink beer or wine for the sake of the stuff itself. So there must be another reason.'

'Yes, father, you are right. It is all very well at home, but at school there are very few teetotallers; at my table there are only two, besides myself. And all the rest look down upon us with a sort of pity, as if we were afraid of getting drunk, and ask what Band of Hope we belong to, and so on. You hardly know, father, what it costs to be a teetotaller at school.'

'"What it costs! What it costs"' echoed his father. 'Ah! Ronald, my boy, it's you that do not know the cost.'

'But, father, ——'

'Yes, Ronald, I know I do not mean quite what you mean; but bear with me while I tell you a story of part of my life, and then you shall judge for yourself.'

CHAPTER II.

'I had not meant to tell the story to anyone, not even to you; and I ask you, as you love Uncle Bertram—and I am sure you do, and always will, although God has called him home—tell it to no one until you have at least as strong a reason as I have for narrating it now. It was I who laid the burden of secrecy upon Uncle Bertram. Last year, when he was seized with that fatal illness, he implored me that you, his favorite godson, should be told the facts, as he thought they might be useful to you. After holding out for some time, I consented, and when at last, through the rapid progress of his illness, it was evident that he would never be able to tell the story himself, I promised that you should hear it from my lips. He died comforted by my promise, holding it to be what he called the last token of forgiveness. But there he was wrong; I had nothing to forgive. I loved him too well, and pitied his self-torture too much.

'I first met Bertram, you remember, at Oxford. There we were fast friends, although I was his senior by some ten years. After we went down he was called to the Bar, and I went to Italy to study painting. It was not for long that we were separated. He wished to travel for recreation, and I in pursuit of my art; so together we visited Egypt and Greece, and at last found ourselves nearer home, in Paris. This was the year of the Franco-German war. We were in Paris when war was declared, and the proud army of France marched to its defeat at Sedan. We tried to obtain permission to follow the army as war correspondents, on behalf of one of the smaller English newspapers to which I had been an occasional contributor, but we failed. Then, in a moment of bad impulse, eager for adventure, we enlisted in the French Army, just as France was calling out all its men to resist its invaders. Shoulder to shoulder we fought in two of the great battles which hindered, although they did not stop, the German advance. This was, if you like, a very rash undertaking, to join for excitement or amusement in such work, but it was child's play compared with what followed. The provisional Government in Paris wished a message to be taken to Colonel Hoche, who was holding a position at Versaol. The messenger would have to pass through territory practically covered by the enemy's advancing troops. Bertram and I were sounded as to our willingness to undertake this hazardous enterprise. Taking advantage of our nationality, we were to act the part of English war correspondents travelling to the army which was investing Strasburg. It was a dangerous, not to say a rash, adventure, for although we carried no written message, yet if we were suspected we were liable to be shot as spies without mercy. We never fulfilled the task we undertook. Bertram had one misfortune—he could not be abstemious. We were neither of us teetotallers; but here came the difference, whenever I had any dangerous or difficult work to do I found it best to abstain; but Bertram upon similar occasions always drank the heavier.

'The crisis came sooner than we expected. We had still thirty miles to travel, when at nightfall we reached a village which we had thought would be out of the track of the German forces. The German scouts might, however, enter at any moment, so it behooved us to be watchful. Our policy was to lie quiet if possible, and yet without any appearance of hiding, so that as a last resource we might boldly claim protection from our foes as Englishmen and newspaper correspondents.

'I well remember the night we came to Valpy. It had been raining all day, and we were drenched to the skin. We rode into the little village, and knocked up the innkeeper. He seemed scared when he saw us. I think at first he thought that we were Germans. However, he took us in, stabled our horses for us, and gave us a room, fire and food. It was not very comfortable to be suspected by our own friends of being German spies, but on the whole I thought it wise not to enlighten our good landlord upon the point, and warned Bertram not to be too confidential. Would that Bertram had taken my advice! I turned in early, but Bertram sat up drinking with the landlord, and when, later on, I awoke, I found him fast asleep by my side, smelling strongly of drink, and breathing heavily, like one in a drunken sleep.

'It seemed but a minute afterwards, but I must have fallen asleep, and slept for some time, when we were aroused by a sharp, hasty knock at the door, which we had bolted.

'"Fly, gentlemen, quickly! The Germans are here! They are knocking, and I am going to open the door."

'A loud knocking interrupted the landlord, whom Bertram had evidently let know too much. Bertram started up, and before I could stop him flung the window open.

'"Come, Ronald," he said to me; "there is yet time!"

'"No, no," I whispered; "our only chance is to be quite open. You are Jones, of the 'Monthly Graphic,' and I am Cooper, of the 'Mail.'"

'Bertram turned irresolute, dazed with the drink and excitement.

'A scuffle on the stairs. With a cry of "Come

*From 'The Knight's Quest, and Other Tales For Boys,' one of the 'Azalea' Series, published at 1s. 6d., by the C.E.T.S., 4 Sanctuary, Westminster, London, S.W.

on!" Bertram started, sprang on to the window sill, and prepared to drop into the garden. Never shall I forget the next minute.

'Looking out of the window, I saw some moving shadows on the green sward beneath. The house had been surrounded. Bertram dropped straight into the hands of his foes. Before I could speak or move the door of the room had been burst open, and four or five German soldiers rushed in.

'"You are a prisoner, sir," said the foremost. "You had better yield quietly. Resistance is useless. We are thirty, and you are two."

'Now or never was the time to act.

'"I beg your pardon, sir," I said in German. "What do you mean? We are not Frenchmen. You have made some mistake. We are English. Here is my card, and my friend is Mr. Jones, of the 'Monthly Graphic.'"

'The soldier hesitated, but only momentarily.

'"I am very sorry, sir, but you will doubtless be able to prove your words. Meanwhile you must remain my prisoner. It is war, sir. You must excuse my precautions."

'The sergeant—for such he was—turned round to give a command, then, suddenly facing me, he asked—

'Why were you hiding, sir? The landlord denied that you were in the house, and what is this?" He pointed to the open window. "You were trying to escape."

'I endeavored to explain that my companion was drunk, and had been startled. As for the landlord, I could only suggest that he perhaps counted the Germans enemies to all men. A moment later things looked blacker than ever. The landlord, in the confusion, tried to escape. Vain effort! A figure sneaking into the shadows of the dark night.

'"Halt! Halt, there."

'A sharp crack of a Snider—a heavy fall—and the Frenchman lay shot through the head. The only witness who would wish to speak for us was dead, and in dying he had spoken but against us.

(To be continued.)

The Gold Seeker.

A German prospector who had spent years in the fruitless search for gold at last struck a rich vein of the precious metal.

It seemed like a dream that had haunted his sleep for years, only to fade into the grim realities of the morning, leaving him faint with deferred hope and the sense of defeat and disappointment. And yet—that was gold tracing the quartz in great, dull veins. He knew that. Gold, rich as the wonderland had given to any daring miner for his faith and courage. Hans Mundson rubbed his eyes with his hard, bronzed hand, and looked to see his find more clearly in the light of the Alaska dawning.

Well, he had won at last, as he had promised his mother he would win, away back, a score of years gone by, in the little village on the Rhine. He sat down beside his claim, and curiously enough, the glow of the future which his Midas touch should make a glittering holiday, faded before his eyes, and he was again the little, fair-haired boy, standing beside his mother's knee in the German cottage, building great plans for the day when he should cross the seas.

He saw the sunlight filter through the diamond-shaped window-panes and fall upon the white-sanded floor. The spinning-wheel was whirling swiftly, its dark circle showing against the light, and his mother, in her short gown of blue, bending her smiling, rosy face toward him as he dreamed, saying softly:

'Eines tag, kleiner knabe, eines tag.'—'One day, little boy, one day.'

And now the day had come; but he felt on his brow the soft air of the German summer—not the bleak and gusty breezes of the ice-bound gold fields. He seemed to see again the square of the oaken half-door framing a patch of sky, all white and azure; the swaying, green-leafed branches of a tree, the sudden scurry of the chimney swallows. The odor of the lilac and the sweet, old-fashioned flowers swept upon them and he could see them all ranged in prim, unbending state each side the spotless pavement of the walk. The birds hopped, friendly and secure, over the warm and fragrant grass, chirping each to each; and then far from the distant spire that just caught a filmy cloud upon its peak, like a white flag of peace, came the deep, tuneful measures of the 'matin bells.

A mist of homesick tears hung the colors of the dear old boyhood home around him. He rose to his feet and turned his gaze eastward. Snow glittered on a thousand hills—the hand of winter had already sealed each stream and pass. But the man looked at his gold mine and said:

'The first thing that this money can do for me, to make me know it comes with blessing, is to take me back for a little while to that old German home.'—Selected.

How Girls can Help Their Mothers.

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of the household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but, unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home, you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers that need rearranging, the curtain which has lost a ring, and is therefore drooping. And then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you do them regularly. If you do a thing one day and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if some one else has to be constantly reminding you of and supervising your work, it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do. The flower vases will need attention every other day, the silver must be cleaned once a week, and there should be one day kept for mending and putting away household linen. Begin directly after breakfast and keep on steadily till your work is done.

If you begin by sitting down 'just for a minute' with a book, or think you will 'just arrange the trimming' on your new hat, the morning will be half over before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers may spare her mother all those little jobs which boys are always requesting to have done for them, if she will only do them kindly. But a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed-out buttonholes, and to make paste for his photograph album, if she snaps and says he is always bothering. It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make sunshine.—Philadelphia 'Ledger.'

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Resolved.

(Sidney Dayre, in the 'Standard.')

'Girls!—you never did. You never could!——'

Emily Danvers stood at the door of a room in which several of her companions turned to her excited face.

'"Never did" what? "Never could" what?'

'Don't be tantalizing, Em.'

'If you have anything worth saying——

'She looks as if she thought she had.

'——Say it out.'

Emily came slowly in and seated herself, as she did so shaking her head in a way which might have meant anything or everything.

'Do go on, Emily. What have you got to tell?'

'I've been over to the Day girls' room.'

'You didn't get in, did you? Nobody ever did it yet, that I know of.'

'They always keep it locked, and always make some excuse for letting nobody in.'

'No wonder,' said Emily, gloomily. 'Girls!'

'Respect her feelings,' came mockingly.

'There's no joke about it,' Emily resumed the sincere expression natural to her as she gazed from one to another of her friends. 'Didn't some one hear something about these girls?'

'I did,' said Helen Barnes. 'I have a cousin who lives not far from them and she says they're a nice lot but supposed to be having hard tugs. A big family and their father, a good doctor, and no end of a scholar, but in poor health and can't do much. And the whole family are supposed to be scratching and grinding to give these two an education, because it is supposed that once accomplished the two can help all the others to an education—boys younger. So, they're here——'

'Yes, they're here——'

'Now, plain talk, Emily. Don't go into heroics again.'

'Well, I've been to their room——'

'So you said.'

'I lent them one of my dictionaries. I just thought I shouldn't want it, but I did—imperatively and in a hurry. I ran down to their building but no one answered my knock. Half involuntarily—I'm afraid it wasn't just the thing but I did want it so and it occurred to me it might just be lying in sight—I turned the handle of the door and it opened. And—girls!'

'Go on, Em,' came now with respect for the real feeling in her face and voice.

'A tug for an education—I should say so! That's the barest room I ever saw in my life. No carpet. A single bed for two. Pine boxes—I suppose they're the ones in which their bedding and their few books and other poor stuff came—made into a dresser with a sheet in front for a curtain. Another box for a washstand. The—most—comfortless!——'

Emily paused as a murmur went around.

'Nice girls, too.'

'Bright.'

'And jolly.'

'I can imagine just how they look at it,' said Helen. 'This academy course is the beginning of the thing to be tugged for, hustled for, and fought for. It's likely they like the accessories,' with a wave of her hand towards the surrounding comforts of the room, 'as much as we do, but they set their teeth to do without them. They'll forge ahead and come out at the top.'

'But it dosen't seem fair.'

'What doesn't?'

'That there should be such a difference in girls. I don't mean in girls, but in what they have. Now, we're none of us wealthy bondholders—plenty of the girls here have their more or less of a struggle, but there are not

many so squeezed as absolutely to be unable to squeeze out a bit over and above bare necessities——'

'That's just how it is with the Day family,' said Helen.

'It's probably all they can possily do to get the girls here and keep up the blank needs, without thinking of comforts for their room.'

'Well,' Emily sighed, 'our rooms are comfortable. I say it isn't fair.'

'Now——' after a pause, 'what are we going to do about it?'

'Why, Lou!' heads were raised and alert glances exchanged. 'Why—that's it.'

'That sounds encouraging. Lou's hit it. What are we?'

'It isn't going to answer, you know, to let things go on so.'

'Not a little bit of it.'

'You see,' Emily put on a look of deep calculation, 'it doesn't take so much in the way of money or trouble to make things comfortable in one small room. Some of us have, perhaps, a little money, some of us could make a contribution from their own comforts—think how little it would take from each one when there are so many who would be glad, glad to have a hand in it.'

'But now see here, girls——' Helen Barnes sat up straight as if about to put forth a very weighty proposition, as indeed she was, 'all this we're talking about is simply trifling compared to the real difficulties in the case. How are any of us going to have the face to go up to those Day girls and say: 'We don't think your room is what it ought to be. We know you can't afford to have things comfortale, so we are going to pay for your comforts.'

'Aye, there's the rub,' Emily shook her head dolefully as Helen ceased.

'So we're just where we are,' sighed Lou.

'Well, I just don't care,' spoke up a small embodiment of boarding-school energy, by name Susan Merrill, 'I say it's got to be done somehow. It's a pity if among, say, fifty or more of us, we can't strike out some way of smoothing over a way to fix up the Day girls. Now I move that we have three committees—one to get a little money, one to get contributions of things others may be overflowing with, and one —most important of all—to devise a way, by hook or crook, by trick, subterfuge or bulldozing to make the Day girls let us have our way with them. Now, let's work hard in the front yard of our minds.'

'Bravo, Sue. We'll make you chairman of the third committee.'

There was an unusual amount of brain cudgelling for the next two weeks among the members of the small dormitory near which the Day girls occupied the room which was causing so much mental disturbance among their friends. More than one paroxysm of severe discouragement was felt and expressed.

'Let's give it all up,' said Emily one day in despair.

'Oh, Em! You of all!'

'I know I'm the one who started things. But I don't know how we're going to do it. Sometimes I'm away up and then I'm away down.'

'I'll never give up,' declared Susan. 'Not if every one of you, putting her arm around Emily,' is mean enough to back down on the whole thing.'

One morning the Day girls received a missive which read as follows:—

'You are invited to be present at a meeting of the Extempore Debating Society of Dormitory No. 3——'

'I never before heard of their having a debating society,' interrupted the Day girl who was not reading.

'Subject of debate,' read the other, '"Resolved—That more real dignity and elevation of character is involved in the graceful acceptance of small favors than in the bestowal of them." Please come prepared to take the affirmative.'

'Queer,' said Alice. 'I shouldn't have thought girl students would have selected that kind of a topic for a debate. We'll go, of course.'

The Day girls felt some little surprise in noticing the absence of some of the girls who usually took the lead among their fellows. The 'debate' really occupied but a small portion of a very jolly evening, the remainder being devoted to various forms of hilarity. But full attention was bestowed on it while it did last, each utterance of the Day girls being received with tumultuous applause. A summing up and decision was characteristically rendered by Susan Merrill.

'The Day girls have sustained their side nobly, and the affirmative has it. A prize—we forgot to mention it before—has been offered for the best treatment of the subject, and the Days will find it in their room——'

'Sue, you sit down.' Emily quenched her without ceremony. 'Yes,' she went on, 'the affirmative has been eloquently upheld. None of us need to be told that it is a delightful thing to have it come into our way to bestow a gift or confer a favor on any one we love. It's in the taking it—the sweet acceptance that the uplift lies——'

'The never feeling as though you must get even some way,' broge in the irrpressible Susan. 'Why, I never got a Christmas present that I don't calculate whether the one I gave cost as much——'

'Sue, Sue, your uplift is getting too high. The subject closes with the class taking firm and fixed resolution ever to stand by the principles here laid down, so ably treated, so, so—'

'Stop right there, Em,' whispered Sue. 'You have said it well so far, but you are getting mixed up and first thing you know the others will know it.'

The absent members had quietly one by one appeared among the others as the evening went on, and when the assembly broke up a few wished the Day girls good-night at their own door in tones of unwonted warmth and affection.

'They're dear girls,' said Janet as they made their way up the dark stairway. 'Oh, Alice, I'm so glad we spurred up and came——'

'Yes, yes.' Alice, preceding her, had unlocked the door and gone in, 'but—what's in the way here? We certainly didn't leave things out of place this way. Where's a match? Why —Nett—what's this on the floor?——'

The small lamp she expected to light was not there, its place filled by a pretty one with a tasteful shade. Alice dropped her match, then stepped on it with an excited exclamation as its small flicker showed not the bare floor but the dark coloring of a rug. Janet scratched another match and with determination lighted the strange lamp, Alice backing into a cushioned chair to make room for her.

Janet slowly fitted on the chimney, then deliberately raised the wick to its proper height and looked around.

Lawn curtains hid the bare window shades. A wide lounge heaped with cushions suggested the supplementing of the narrow bed. A light dresser and washstand stood well furnished and all about the room were pictures and small articles, each one so suggestive of the kindly thought of some companion as to bring tears to the astonished eyes of the sisters.

'Look, look! was the like ever seen?'

'Oh—my!' Alice settled herself in one of the two easy chairs and gazed about her with wide open eyes. 'Nice. Nice. But, Nett, how can we?'

'How can't we, you'd better say,' said Janet, half laughing, half crying. 'Think of all that wishy-washy, namby-pamby stuff you've been getting off this blessed evening——'

'You were just as bad yourself.'

'A regular game on us!'

'Oh, you girls——!'

Five minutes before the opening of school next morning the Day girls entered the hall leading to one of the recitation rooms, to find many of their friends awaiting the calling of classes.

Emily gave them a matter-of-course nod and went on with her talk, but Lou could not stand the look of affectionate, questioning, embarrassed appeal in two pairs of eyes. She put an arm around each as a few incoherent words were scarcely heard in the small babel about them.

'Oh, dears—how could you—how can we—it is too much——'

'We can never, never——'

'Now, now, what's all this fuss about a few bits of trash just lent you while you stay here? Why, you have forgotten already——'

But Sue Merrill pushed Lou aside and marking time with her finger gravely began:

'Resolved, That more real dignity and ele—'

But with a clamor of laughter she was at once whirled into the recitation room and the duties of the day began.

A Dog That Gave a Fire Alarm.

A St. Bernard dog belonging to one of the residents of Bloomfield, New Jersey, well deserved the praise bestowed on him by the citizens of that place who declared he ought to be elected an honorary member of the volunteer fire department. An incendiary, says the Passaic (N. J.) 'City Record,' set fire to the Baldwin stable, in the rear of the brick row in Franklin street, and Bruno was the first to discover the blaze. He made an alarm by barking loudly and by scratching at the door of his master's home. There were two valuable horses in the burning building with whom the dog was friendly, and the sagacious animal was almost beside himself with excitement until Mr. Baldwin broke open the door of the stable and started to release the horses. The dense smoke almost overpowered Mr. Baldwin as he entered one of the stalls to untie the halter of one of the horses. It tookhim longer than usual to do this, because of the smoke, but he managed to release the horse and lead it out into the yard. Then he went back to get its mate. As he reached the doorway he was astonished to see the dog, with the dangling end of a halter in his mouth, leading the second horse out of the stable.

The Warm-Hearted World.

The last time that Frances E. Willard spoke to a Washington audience she told of a Chicago bootblack who, with his kit on his shoulder, and a package of newspapers under his arm, stopped at the call of a man with a club foot. He worked away at the man's shoes, giving them as fine a polish as he could, and when the job was done the man threw him double pay, saying, 'No change; I made you more work than most folks do.'

Quick as a flash the little fellow handed back half the money, saying with eyes full of real and earnest sympathy, 'Oh, mister, I couldn't make money out of your trouble.'

Not far from Washington there lives a boy who has to bear the heavy burden of deformity, but so bravely does he bear it that he is the very heart of his home, the brightest and the cheeriest and most hopeful one in the household.

A while ago he went out and hunted up a

situation for himself, so that he might pay his share of the family expenses.

Somebody asked him, 'Don't you find it rather disagreeable, going about as you have to, now?'

He looked up with his bright, flashing smile, and answered quickly, 'Oh, no; everybody is kind to a fellow in my fix,' with a slight gesture toward his back.

There is plenty of love and sympathy in the world, after all, if our eyes are open to see them.—Selected.

His Wedding Fee.

A New York preacher was conversing with a lawyer-member of his church upon the financial rewards of the different professions. The pastor asserted that ministers receive less for their work than any other class of professional men. The lawyer disagreed, and remarked that the item of wedding fees alone amounted to quite a sum.

'What do you think is the average fee I receive?' asked the clergyman.

'I should say $20 is a low average. I have known persons to give $100, and $50 is quite common.'

'Your calculation is too high; we marry poor people,' replied the minister.

'I will give you $10 for half your next fee,' said the lawyer.

'I will accept the offer,' said the minister, after hesitating a moment.

The next day a rough looking farmer and a blooming country maid came to the minister to be married. After the ceremony the farmer said:

'We hain't got no money, but I have a nice pup here that would make a nice pet for your children.' Then he opened a box, and out rolled a white pup. The minister could hardly contain his mirth, thanked the bridegroom, and was soon on his way to the lawyer's office.

'I had no idea,' he said, 'that I should come to claim your offer so soon, and I should not have accepted it so quickly had I know I was to receive such an unusual fee.'

'No backing out now,' said the lawyer. 'Here is your $10; hand over half your fee.'

The minister demurred a moment, said he would be careful about making such rash bargains in the future, and then tumbled the pup out on the lawyer's desk. 'Which half will you take?' he asked.—'Watchword.'

Nouns of Multitude.

The reference to the bewildering number of nouns of multitude recalls the story of the foreigner looking at a picture of a number of vessels, and exclaiming: 'See what a flock of ships.' He was told that a flock of ships is called a fleet. And it was added, for his own guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, that a pack of thieves is called a gang. The distracted stranger was further informed that he must be careful to speak of a host of angels, a shoal of porpoises, a herd of buffaloes, a troop of soldiers, a covey of partridges, a galaxy of beauties, a horde of ruffians, a heap of rubbish, a drove of oxen, a mob of blackguards, a school of whales, a congregation of worshippers, a corps of engineers, a band of robbers, a swarm of locusts and a crowd of people.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Game of Authors.

The following will make a pleasant parlor game. Read the descriptions and see how many can guess the author:

The oldest author—Adams.
The youngest author—Child.
The healthy author—Hale.
The sickly author—Haggard.
The fragile author—Reade.
The collier's author—Coleridge.
The farmer's author—Fields.
The gardener's author—Ouida.
The sportsman's author—Hunt.
The harvester's author—Hay.
The pugilist's author—Knox.
The warrior's author—Shakespeare.
The ditcher's author—Trench.
The jeweller's author—Goldsmith.
The angler's author—Hooker.
The chef's author—Cooke.
The dude's author—Taylor.
The lover's author—Lincoln.
The suburban author—Townsend.
The domestic author—Holmes.
The greedy author—Hogg.
The woodland author—Hawthorne.
The cunning author—Fox.
The pontifical author—Pope.
The evasive author—Dodge.
The submarine author—Cable.
The painful author—Bunyan.
The groaning author—Paine.
The dangerous author—Wolfe.
The aboriginal author—Savage.
The blistering author—Burns.
The refreshing author—Brooks.
The breakfast author—Bacon.
The dinner author—Lamb.
The snappish author—Crabbe.
Gabriel's author—Horne.
The chorister's author—Sangster.—'C. E. World.'

Will You—Won't You?

It was Friday afternoon. Anita went back to the little country schoolhouse after her exercise book and overheard them plotting. When she came out it was to take a way home that was entirely different from the one by which she had returned.

'She's going to tell on us!'

'That's so! I'll fix her!' and Gabe Saunders—the bully of the school—went after the little girl. 'Hellca, there!' he called. Anita turned. 'Where are you ging?'

'Home.

'That isn't the way.'

'I'm going by the mill road.'

'It's farther.'

'I don't mind that.

'Well, I tell you to go home by the pike.'

'What if I say I won't do it?'

'Then we'll lock you in the schoolhouse, and you shan't go home to-night.'

Anita looked at him and saw the evil in his face. She remembered certain stories of his hateful deeds. 'All right,' she said. 'I'll go home by the pike. But I don't see what difference it makes to you.'

'You'd better go that way!' Then as the little girl turned into another road, he went back to his comrades.

Anita walked till beyond their sight. She was thinking the matter over and over in her mind—wondering what she would better do. 'I must warn her!' she said. 'Poor Mrs. Daveridge!'

But a wide stretch of woodland lay between her and the widow's little home. Anita's heart beat fast as she turned into this woodland. Would she be able to find her way? She had crossed it but once before with a party of chestnutters. But this afternoon was cloudy, and the shadows were deep before her. At different points she came upon the path. Across it lay fallen trees, broken branches, and a swift little brook. Every noise sent a shiver through her, and the voice of a screech owl in a high tree set her to running.

At last, just as her heart was beating its fastest, the shadows grew less dense, there came an opening in the trees, and the small garden-spot of Mrs. Daveridge appeared. Anita climbed over the fence as if a wild Indian were after her, flew across the melon vines and around the strawberry bed, and in at the kitchen door.

'Why, child alive! Where did you drop from! You're pale as a ghost!'

'I came to tell you that Gabe Saunders is going to steal your honey to-night. He has it all planned. I heard him. They'll be here at midnight. And they'll bring quilts to wrap 'round the hives, so's not to get stung. And I knew how you'd lotted on that honey to take you through the year. And I knew I must let you know!' Then Anita burst into tears.

'You blessed lamb! There, there, don't cry! And t' think that I was going to take the honey out of the hives to-morrow! Lem Sawyer was going to carry it to town for me, where the new hotel man will pay a big price for it. Gabe Saunders! Well, well! he's a bad un! Always into some mischief. But he'll be headed off this timethanks to you, dearie! Here, let me give you a glass of milk and a nice slice of bread and butter with white clover honey on it. There, there! But why did you come through the woods, child?'

'They wouldn't let me go 'round by the mill. Gabe must have guessed I would tell you. He made me go by the pike. But when I was out of his sight I cut across. And—oh, how lonesome it was!'

Mrs. Daveridge ran out, while Anita was busy with the bread and butter and nice white clover honey, and told the farmer and his wife all about it.

'Aha!' said the farmer. 'Well, suppose that I send my hired man and bulldog down to stay with you to-night?'

'Oh, that would be kind! I was wondering what to do.'

'Well, Anita,' called the farmer's wife, you're a good child. We'll have you safe home in a twinkling. I suppose your mother'll begin to worry pretty soon.

That night, when, with quilts and ropes, the sly thieves came skulking about after the delicious white clover honey, they received an unexpected greeting from the bulldog, who was on watch, and had a terrific voice. Several shots, fired into the sky from the hired man's gun, aided their haste to get away. Quilts, blankets, and ropes were left behind in their hurried flight.

At school the next Monday Gabe went up to Anita. 'You told on us. You sent word to the widow.'

'I didn't send word. I took it—through the woods.'

'I've a mind to lick you to-night, when you go home.'

Fearlessly Anita looked into his face. 'Oh, Gabe!' she said, 'why won't you be different? You could be so nice, if you would. Before this happened I was going to ask you to help plan a surprise picnic for the teacher's birthday. Now I don't know what to do. Mr. Sawyer says we may have his team and hay waggon. And I wanted you to drive—'cause I think one of the scholars ought to do the driving on a school picnic. And you're the biggest boy in school. You can make all the others do things when you want to. You

could make everybody like you, Gabe, if you would try. And it's ever so much nicer to have friends. You'd be a lot happier than you are now. I haven't any big brother or big cousin to ask. I—I wish you'd be good and do things. Say, Gabe! will you—won't you?'

He looked down at her. Some desire to be thought well of by this little girl, who had outwitted him, stirred in his heart. He began to be ashamed of himself and to feel that he was growing smaller and meaner under the gaze of those clear eyes. 'There ain't no use trying,' he said. 'Nobody'll believe it.'

'I'll believe it. And I'll make the rest of them believe it, too. Mr. Sawyer said that it was a pity. That you could be such a fine fellow if you only would. And—Oh, Gabe! will you—won't you?'

The queer little appeal touched him. He waited a good while. Then he said: 'Yes, Anita, I will do my level best to be square and decent. And I won't go in for sneak work any more.'

'Will you shake hands on it?' Then, as he hesitated, 'Won't you, Gabe!'

He looked at his big hand. 'Wait till I'm fit to shake hands with you. But I'll make myself fit.'

A good many fights he had with his evil nature before it was conquered. But the picnic helped to begin. The people were surprised to see him there and surprised at his behaviour. Some of them looked for a new trick to come out of it. But as the day wore away and they saw that he was in earnest, everyone began to encourage him. As Anita had said, he found it much pleasanter to have friends. The weeks went by, he grew glad at being trusted, and felt pleased when he could do a kindness for anyone. Whenever he felt tempted to return to the old ways that queer little appeal of Anita's came up to help him:

'You can, if you will. Oh, Gabe! will you—won't you?'—'The Christian Advocate.'

The Seven Wonders of the World.

The following convenient rhyme will enable people to remember easily the Seven Wonders of the World:

'The Pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;
Next, Babylon's Garden, for Arytis made;
Then Mausolus' Tomb of affection and guilt;
Fourth, the Temple of Diana, in Ephesus built;
The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass to the sun;
Sixth, Jupiter's Statue by Phidias done;
The Pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old,
Or Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.'

It would also puzzle many people to name the Seven Wise Men of Greece. They were Solon, Bias, Chilo, Periander, Thales, Pittacus and Cleobulus.—The 'Christian Globe.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

Wonderful Japanese Bamboos

The word bamboo suggests to most of us a faithful fishing rod or a dainty fan. To the Japanese and Chinese, who are the most practical agriculturists in the world, it is as indispensable as the white pine to the farmer in this country. They are not only dependent upon it for much of their building material, but make their ropes, mats, kitchen utensils, and innumerable other articles out of it. David G. Fairchild, in the 'National Geographic Magazine,' describes the bamboo plant and tells of the different ways in which it is utilized:

'There are many varieties of the bamboo plant, from the species which is woven into mats to the tall bamboo tree which the Chinaman uses for the mast of his large boat. One variety is cultivated as a vegetable, and the young shoots eaten like asparagus, or they may be salted, pickled, or preserved.

'The rapidity of growth of the bamboo is, perhaps, its most wonderful characteristic. There are actual records of a bamboo growing three feet in a single day, or at the rate of one and a half inches an hour.

'Varieties of bamboo are found everywhere in Japan, even where there are heavy falls of snow in winter. It is a popular misconception that bamboos grow only in the tropics. Japan is a land of bamboos, and yet where these plants grow is not so warm in winter as it is in California.—'Western Christian Union.'

$200.00 PRIZE.

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This sum will be awarded to the person sending the largest amount of subscription money on or before

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$200.00 will be awarded to the one sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for any of our publications (S.S. Clubs to 'Messenger' excepted) before the end of **May, 1905.**

This competition opened some time ago, but has not been taken up at all generally yet, as so many take a long time to understand the value of such generous commissions and a prize of $200.00.

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Postal Union Countries other than the above, postage extra.

This announcement was first made October 4th, 1904.

Nellie's Gift.

(Concluded.)

From that time the two little girls were fast friends, and Nellie could slide down hill whenever she chose. Some of the others thought May was queer to play with an ugly, poor child, but May didn't care for that.

When her mother told her she could have a sleighing-party for her birthday, Nellie was the first girl she asked to go. And Nellie was wild with delight.

'You can't slide down this time,' May said to her after she had invited the other girls. 'I want to do a circus. You don't mind this once, do you?'

'Oh no,' said Nellie; 'I'd love to see a circus.'

'Ladies and gentlemen, behold Miss Mayflower, the celebrated slider-down-hilleress,' cried May, and rushing forward, kissing her hands, she gave her sled a little shove, and sprang on it, standing up.

'O May! Don't! You mustn't slide down standing up! You'll hurt yourself!' cried the girls, but away went May—down—down.—Then came a crash and a cry! The sled dashed into a tree, and May lay motionless on the ground.

The frightened children ran to her, and a man who was passing took the poor little figure up in his arms and carried it home. Next day the little girls told each other in whispers that May had broken her leg, and was all bruised and hurt, and would have to lie in bed for a long time. She could not go on her sleigh-ride, but she had sent word that the rest must go any way. She wanted them to have a nice time on her birthday, if she couldn't.

'Isn't that lovely of her?' said Isabel Gray.

'I'll tell you what we'll all do. Let's each one give her an elegant present, so she won't mind. I'll send her the very expensivest box of candy I can find.'

The others eagerly agreed to give oranges, bananas, nuts, cakes—everything nice they could think of.

'What'll you send her, beggar-girl?' Isabel asked Nellie.

Isabel did not like her because her clothes were so old and shabby. A very strange reason for hating anybody, Nellie thought. 'Oh, if I could only give May something, to show her how I love her,' she said to herself. But she was so poor she often did not have enough to eat, and never anything to give away, or to spend. So she did not answer Isabel, but stood digging her heel into the ice, and trying hard not to cry.

'Oh, well,' said Isabel, scornfully, 'if you don't love May, I think I wouldn't go on her sleigh-ride if I was you.'

'Why, Belle, you know May wants her to go!' said Alice Gray. 'How can you talk so?'

All the morning Nellie thought of the sleigh ride, and what fun it would be, and how sorry she was because May could not go. They were to start at 2 o'clock, and suddenly the idea popped into Nellie's head that she might go and see May for a few moments before they started. The servant who opened the door stared at the child, and evidently thought she was a beggar, but May's mamma kissed her, and took her right up to May's room.

It was a pretty, dainty place, but Nellie forgot all about its beauty when she saw May on the bed, looking so sad and pale.

May was delighted to see her, and brightened up and chatted gayly, and showed her all her presents, and all the good things the girls had sent her. 'But there didn't one of them come to see me, 'cept you,' she said.

'You've got such loads of presents, and such a beautiful tea-set, and everything, you'll have a nice time, even if you don't go sleigh-riding,' said Nellie.

'You can't have a tea-party with out any party,' May answered, gloomily.

Then another idea popped into Nellie's head. Suppose she should

stay and play with May, instead of going on the ride? But oh! how could she give it up?

'Can't your mamma play with you?' she faltered.

'Yes, but she isn't company,' said May.

Slowly Nellie began to unwind the old red comforter around her head.

'I'm going to stay with you,' she said, solemnly.

'Nellie, you darling!' cried May. 'No, no, you shan't! you mustn't!'

'I—I'd rather. I'd love to stay!' said Nellie. 'I wanted to give you a present, May, but I didn't have any money; and so I'll stay with you for a present, if you want me too.'

'Oh, if you only will!' gasped May. It's just the bestest present I ever had!'—'Youth's Companion.'

A Prayer in the Pillow.

One night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would.

'I am not going to pray to-night,' said Lillian, when she was ready for bed.

'Why, Lillian, exclaimed Amy, with round eyes of astonishment.

'I don't care; I am not going to. There isn't any use.'

So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed. There was a long silence; then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump and saying crossly: 'I wonder what is the matter with this pillow?' Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed; 'I guess it's 'cause there isn't any prayer in it.'

A few minutes more of restlessness and Lillian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two little girls slept.

Is there prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep at night?—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

One Thing at a Time.

When I was a little boy helpin' mother to store away the apples, I put my arm around ever so many o' them an' tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then one fell out, an' another, an' two or three more, till they was all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed.

'Now, Dan'l,' said she, 'I'm going to teach you a lesson.' So she put my little hands quite tight around one.

'There,' she said, 'bring that an' then fetch another.'

I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doin' ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't go trying' to put your arms round a year an' don't go troublin' about a week. Wake up in the mornin' an' think this:

'Here's another day come. Lord, whatever I do and whatever I don't do, help me to do this—help me to live to thee.' One day at a time, one hour, one minute—yes, one second—is all the time we get at once. So our best course is to do the next thing next.—Daniel Quorm.

A True Story of Bruce.

(By Bertha E. Bush, in 'Morning Star.')

Esther was cross. She had the toothache; but mother thought it did not ache very much.

The truth was that the little girl was considering Aunt Ann's last remarks and they did not make her happy.

'Seven dolls!' that critical individual had ejaculated. 'I do think you pamper that child, Marion. Why, the little girl who lives next door to me hasn't even one doll, and she doesn't get the sulks, either.'

Esther did get the sulks. She knew it, and mother knew it; but somehow they both hated to be reminded of the unpleasant truth.

Aunt Lou saw and heard the whole thing, but she did not say anything—not then. When Aunt Ann had fairly gone, she beckoned to the forlorn little figure.

'Esther,' she said, 'do you want me to tell you another true story about Bruce?'

'Oh, yes; yes, please,' said Esther, the smiles all coming back.

She dearly loved to hear about the big dog Bruce who had been her grandmother's pet before she died, and was now cherished by Aunt Lou as if he had been a child. Why, he knew so much that he could fairly talk—at least Aunt Lou could understand his whinings and tail-waggings and barking and dog motions as if they had been words.

'Well,' said Aunt Lou, 'you know Bruce will not steal. He will not take a piece of meat that is laid right down beside him unless he is made to understand that it is for him. So the butcher who lives on our street lets Bruce come into his meat shop as much as he likes, and almost every day that kind butcher has a bone saved for him. But our neighbor's dog across the way, whose name is Nep, is not so good. Nep will steal whenever he gets a chance.

'Now the butcher will not let Nep into his shop but drives him away whenever he appears at the door. I'm sure that poor Nep doesn't have as many bones as a dog would like, and I think Bruce thinks so too, for listen to what he did one day.

'The butcher had just given him a fine, large, juicy bone. Bruce walked out of the shop with the bone in his mouth. I saw him come down the walk and watched to see him turn in at our gate. But he didn't bring it in at our gate. Instead he carried it solemnly across the street to the place where Nep was chained up in our neighbor's yard. He put the big bone down at Nep's feet and barked in such a way that meant, I am sure: 'Here, Nep; here is a bone that I have brought for you. Eat it for me.'

'Then he stood off and watched Nep gnaw the bone, and if ever anybody smiled, I'm sure that Bruce smiled then. Don't you think my Bruce is an unselfish dog?'

'Yes, I do,' said Esther. Then she thanked Aunt Lou for the story, as her mother had taught her, and trotted off to play. But that very afternoon she went over to Aunt Ann's house with one of her prettiest dollies. 'Aunt Ann,' she said, 'please take this dolly to the little girl who hasn't any.'

Aunt Ann took the doll without a word, but her face wore the prettiest smile.

LESSON III.—APRIL 16.

The Supper at Bethany.

John xii., 1-11.

Golden Text.

She hath done what she could. Mark xiv., 8.

Commit verses 2, 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 10.—John xii., 1-11.
Tuesday, April 11.—Matt. xxvi., 6-16.
Wednesday, April 12.—Mark xiv., 3-11.
Thursday, April 13.—Luke x., 38-42.
Friday, April 14.—Luke vii., 36-50.
Saturday, April 15.—Rom. xii., 1-9.
Sunday, April 16.—Rom. xii., 10-21.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Jesus had worked his greatest miracle under the very eaves of the ecclesiastical establishment. It was accepted as a challenge, and steps were immediately taken to compass his death. His hour not yet having come, the Master retired to Ephraim, twenty miles away, near to the wilderness or sparsely populated country. There, in company with his disciples, he passed the time in physical and spiritual recuperation. A price was practically set upon his head, for the chief priests and Pharisees had given notice that if any one knew where he was he should give information in order that the arrest might be made. With mingled motives of curiosity, admiration, and opposition the people who had come to Jerusalem in large numbers to attend the Passover made quest for Jesus. For the time he eclipsed both temple and ceremony. As the days passed they began to say to each other in their disappointment, 'Is it possible he is not coming to the feast at all?' But when the time was fully come, the Master resolutely set his face toward that slaughter-house of the prophets—Jerusalem. He was fully cognizant of all the peril of going to the city at this juncture. It was in this instance that one significant incident like a shaft of light fell across the inky blackness in which his life closed. It was that high and loving courtesy shown him in the home in Bethany. They banqueted Jesus. They make a supper in his honor, and in grateful recognition of his merciful deeds.

In the noblest villa of the suburb of Jerusalem, the table with its damask coverings, was set in hollow square, as the custom was. It was surrounded by richly upholstered couches. Shaded lamps cast their full radiance upon the goodly scene. Eye, nostril, ear and palate were delighted. Color, fragrance, music and viands matched their several organs of sense. According to Oriental custom, the house was open and the interested villagers hung like an animated fringe around the table, sharing with the invited guests sight of the cheer and gladness. On either side of Jesus reclined the trophies of his power—Simon whom he had healed of leprosy, and Lazarus whom he had revived from death. Noble and beautiful women graced and adorned the scene and hour.

One significant and timely deed lifted this feast to the level of a sacrament. Out of her boudoir Mary brought the most precious thing it contained—an Oriental cruse of alabaster, filled with genuine liquid perfume, very precious, the seal of which had never been broken. Her unspeakable gratitude would fain express itself in a deed of reverence and love. Unstintedly she poured the costly liquid upon Jesus' head and feet, using her luxuriant tresses for a towel. In a moment every recess of the house was filled with the subtle and delicious fragrance.

But as may be expected in every human gathering, which of necessity must contain some whose ethical evolution is retarded or stunted, an apple of discord was thrown into this feast of love. It came from the very hand that was filching from the common purse of the apostles. Judas stole the livery of charity in which to serve his own cupidity. He affected benevolence that he might cover his own grasping spirit. Some of the apostles were evidently infected with his carping spirit, and at least joined mildly in the specious protest.

Right royally did Jesus come to defense of Mary and her deed. He interpreted her action and put the seal of his Divine approval upon it. If she gave him a momentary and passing embalming, he embalmed her forever in the ineffable incense of his praise: 'She hath wrought a good work. She hath done what she could. Whersoever this gospel shall be preached there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.' A practical principle of life is irradiated in connection with this incident. Jesus affirms that deeds which can be done any time must give place to those which can only be done just now. 'The poor are always with you; not so I.'

The banquet intended for his honor really set the seal of Jesus' doom and hastened it. The banquet couch proved a pedestal to list him not only in sight of the admiring people, but also of his implacable enemies. The end of it was that not only 'much people knew that he was there and came,' but immediately also 'the chief priests consulted.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

A lesson in sacred aesthetics is here. Money spent to adorn and beautify religion is never to be begrudged. A cathedral for example, is a monument to the divine. It teaches and inspires. So wealth expended in awakening the sentiment of worship is never lost. It is always justifiable. Porportionate expenditures upon the artistic and tasteful are to be commended. They are definite contributions to ethical and spiritual evolution.

Much has been said of the 'loneliness' of Jesus. But it must also be remembered that he was also much in society. The references are numerous enough to affirm a habit. He adorned and beautified many a supper and wedding. His social side was not atrophied.

Judas, by reason of the enormity of his crime, is almost excluded in the average thought from the role of human beings. But it admits of question whether there are not men now living who under similar circumstances would not do exactly as Judas did. He was a man, not a devil from the nether world.

Martha did not sulk. Jesus had on a previous visit criticised her for being troubled with much serving. She did not on that account fly moodily to the other extreme and refuse to serve at all. It is very significant, then (although it might be overlooked), when the record says, 'Martha served.' Taking criticism is a fine art as well as giving it.

Judas' proposition can not be disputed. It was a great sum—$100 in perfumery! The wages of a laborer for a whole year! But no higher use of that money could have been made than was made of it. It was a sacramental act. It was an expression of gratitude and reverence. While it did not preclude deeds of charity, the latter could not be any substitute for it.

That home at Bethany was ideal. The meshes of the domestic net were soft as silk, but firm as steel. No wonder Jesus loved to be there.

An adult Bible-class is said to have spent the entire hour in discussing the shape of the alabaster-box. It is to be feared that many are busy over husks and shells, pure technique—geography, archaeology, and the like, but never reach the subtle fragrance of the ethical and spiritual meaning.

MOSAIC FROM COMMENTARIES.

Six days before: Devout men set time apart before to prepare themselves for a ceremony.—Henry. Lazarus: Is mentioned throughout the incident as forming an element in the unfolding of the hatred of the Jews which issued in the Lord's death.—Alford. Ointment of spikenard: The original literally rendered is nard pistick. It is quite uncertain what pistic means, whether genuine liquid or pistic, a local adjective. Filled with odor: The detail is peculiar to John, and is one of those minute points which belong only to a personal impression at the time.—Westcott. Judas: One of the number not of the nature of the apostles.—Henry. Three hundred pence: He estimated with precision. Judas' talent was connected with the temptation that made him a thief.—Lange. Why was not: Proud men think all ill-advised who do not advise with them.—Henry. He was a thief: The reigning love of money is heart-theft, as anger and revenge are heart-murder.—Ibid. Took away: Betrayed his trust. Betrayed his Master.—Ibid. Given to the poor. Charity to the poor made a color of opposing a piece of piety to Christ.—Ibid. Censure infects like a plague.—Stier. Cared for the poor: It is the successors of Mary of Bethany, and not of Judas Iscariot, who really care for the poor.—Butler. Let her alone: The beautiful work of love elevated, interpreted, and glorified into a prophetic act.—Stier. In the act of love done to him she had erected a monument as lasting as the gospel.—Olshausen.

C.E. Topic.

Sunday, April 16.—Topic—Glorifying God in our recreations. I. Cor. x., 31; Ps. xvi., 5-11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOME MISSIONARY MEETING.

Monday, April 10.—The poor and the stranger. Lev. xix., 9, 10.

Tuesday, April 11.—Love thy neighbor. Lev. xix., 18.

Wednesday, April 12.—Oppress not a stranger. Ex. xxiii., 9

Thursday April 13—Love the stranger. Deut. x., 17-19.

Friday, April 14.—'If thy brother be poor.' Lev. xxv., 35, 36.

Saturday, April 15.—'Teach the strangers.' Josh viii., 34, 36.

Sunday, April 16.—Topic—The strangers in our land. Lev. xix., 33, 34.

Primary Teaching.

One of the most difficult and at the same time important positions in our Sunday-school work is that held by the primary teacher. We hope the time is forever past when the idea prevails that anybody can teach the primary class. Speaking of primary teachers and teaching, a writer in the 'Baptist Teacher' says:

'What is a good primary lesson? To my mind it is a lesson that attracts, instructs, impresses and moves to action. As teachers, our work is almost exclusively with seeing and hearing. These two bridges lead to the intellect, the heart, and the will, or to the three processes of the child's mind, thinking, feeling and willing. Therefore, a good lesson must give the child something to think about, something to feel, and some choice to make. We reach the intellect through truths. By this we instruct. We reach the feelings through experience, telling our own or calling to mind our pupils' experiences. By this we impress. We reach the will by presenting the joy or sorrow, the gain or loss of action or inaction. By this we move to action. A picture shown, or a story told, should first cause the child to think, then feel, and then the will should be reached. Unless teaching results in action, it is not successful. Never leave a child impressed, made thoughtful, without crystallizing this emotion into action. Fenelon, the famous French preacher, said: "State a fact, paint a picture, raise a passion."'

Pictorial Testament Premium

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The Panther.

A panther is loose in the haunts of men,
  Strong, crafty and cruel, and none may know
What wooded valley shall hold his den,
  Or by what paths he will come and go.
In the shaded tree boughs he may lie concealed,
  In wayside brambles, in flowery dell;
The father has taken his gun afield,
  And the mother watches the children well.

The panther is loose! He has put to flight
  All zest for pleasure, or gain, or strife,
Somebody's child may be killed outright,
  Some one be mangled or maimed for life.
So every man to the rescue springs
  Armed and vigilant. Heart and brain
Spurning the claims of lesser things,
  Till the hidden menace be caged or slain.

But what of the enemy, fiercer far,
  Who roams at will through the city street,
Who lurks where the seekers of pleasure are,
  Who enters the home with noiseless feet?
The husband is shamed by his precious wife,
  The mother moans o'er her bright boy's fall,
And orphans weep, while crime and strife
  And murder and suicide end it all.

Birth, beauty and talent before him fall,
  He conquers the mighty again and again;
Will you guard by law King Alcohol?
  Will you set a price on the souls of men?
You would save the child from the panther's jaws,
  Will you leave him now to a fate far worse?
In the strength of God for a righteous cause,
  Arise and conquer the liquor curse!
—'World's Crisis.'

Our Willie.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Liverpool some time since, the Rev. Charles Garrett told the following true tale:

I was the other day in a beautiful residence, where I have often been entertained before. There was a large gathering of friends, for this family I knew had been prominent for their hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there; but I was astonished when I sat down at the table to notice that there were no wine-glasses. I almost took it as a compliment to myself, in my foolishness; but, whispering to the lady I said,—

'I see no wine-glasses here—are you teetotallers for the day because I am here?'—and I saw in a moment the change in her face. She said:—

'I have something to tell you about that.'

As soon as dinner was over, she said to me, 'You ask me about the wine-glasses.'

'I said, "Yes, I noticed their absense."'

'I will tell you the reason. You remember my Willie?'

'Oh, yes; I remember Willie, well!'

'Was he not a bonny boy?' she asked, with tears in her eyes.

'Yes,' I said, 'one of the finest lads I ever knew.'

'Yes,' she said; 'and he was my pride. You know he used wine freely. You know that the leading ministers in the Connextion had always made this house their home, and that they have always been welcome. I used to allow the children to stay up when the ministers were here, to have the benefit of their conversation. The children had a half-glass of wine—ministers a full glass, and so had their father. By-and-by,' she said, 'I noticed what aroused my suspicions. William used to come home smelling of wine, and I didn't like it. I spoke to him, and he said there was no danger. He had only been meeting with a few friends. By-and-by I noticed that he was husky; and at last he came home in a state that made my heart ache. One night he came home quite drunk. I could not conceal it from his father. His father is a hot-tempered man, and he met him in the lobby, and bitter words passed. His father ordered him out of the house; and he went, and for months we never knew what became of him. Father would not let us mention his name, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray. We did not know whether he was dead or alive; and one night when the servants had gone to bed, and we were sitting together, I suddenly heard a noise and I thought it was Willie's voice. I dared not speak. My husband looked round, and he said:

'"Did you hear anything? I thought that I heard a voice. I believe," he said, "it is Willie. Just go to the door and see."'

She said, 'I went to the door; and there he stood, more like a ghost than a young man.

'He looked at me, and I said, "Willie!"

'"Mother," he said, "will you let me in?"

'"Ay, my lad, thou ought never to have gone away. Come in! come in!" and,' she said, 'I had to lend him my arm.'

'"Don't take me into the drawing-room—take me into the kitchen. I feel, mother, as if I were dying."

'"No, my lad; you shall not die."

'"Will you make me a basin of barley broth like you used to make me?"

'"I will make you anything you like, my boy; but you must come upstairs and lie down."

'"Oh, mother, I can't take it! I feel as if I were fainting."

'I called his father and he came, but didn't say an angry word to him. He could not, when he saw the state he was in. We carried him upstairs and laid him down upon the bed; and after a moment's pause, he said,—

'"Father, the drink has killed me."

'"No, my boy," said his father; "we will bring you round yet."

'"Never, father—God be merciful to me a sinner"—and his head fell back, and there was the end of our boy in this life.

'His father stood and looked at Willie as he lay there, and said to me,—

'"Mother, the drink has killed our Willie; and there shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I am alive."'

'Sir,' continued the speaker, 'there are many Willies. I am at the head of a mission in Liverpool, and I can truly say there is not a week in which I do not have a Willie, or a letter about a Willie, from some respectable home, blighted and withered by this terrible curse. Is this a mere idle whim that we are speaking about? Ought we not to battle with it now and ever, and exert all the power we possess, in order to rescue the young people of our land, and make England what it ought to be? May God help us!'—'Alliance News.'

Another Plea Against License.

(Adam Graham, in the 'Union Signal.')

There is a mighty plea against the licensed saloon which is little considered. I refer to the law of suggestion. From a purely psychological standpoint the state prohibiting the sale of intoxicants maintains the only true position for reform in the matter of temperance. The power of suggestion over the moral nature of man—especially youth—and its influence in character building are no longer debatable, they are well established facts.

To fight intemperance, to try to minimize the power of the saloon while this law of suggestion is working relentlessly in an opposite direction, re-enforced by the common sight of the open saloon, of bottled liquors and of placards blazoned with the names and excellences of the same, is indeed saddling the reform with a burden it is unable to bear while contending hand to hand with the enemy.

The only tenable position for a community which is really desirous of vanquishing this foe of all true civilization, is that of the prohibitory state, which, while dealing with the sly and underhand forms of this evil still existent and active in its borders, refuses to educate the future voters of the commonwealth in a contrary direction by a display of goods that create a demand for themselves, that inevitably—by the the subtle law of suggestion—bring into being unseen forces detrimental to the highest weal of the people.

While it is never true that time spent in inculcating the principles of prohibition, even under the most adverse conditions, is time thrown away, it is yet surely a sad disadvantage to be teaching the ears of a child one set of facts, while his eyes are, unconsciously, teaching him quite the opposite. Here the prohibitory state has immeasurably the advantage over the license state; for what liquor is sold in the former is unadvertised, is never displayed, is imbibed out of sight, away from the multitude, in some hidden and disreputable place, where its educating effect on unformed character is minimized if not entirely lost.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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The following are the contents of the issue of March 25, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

Oyama—A Personal Estimate and Description of the Foremost Fighter of the Age—By Baron Kaneko, in the New York 'World.'
Ovamba Idea of Happiness—The 'Evening News,' Detroit.
The Military System of Japan—Baron Suyematsu, in the National Service Journal.
Influence of Religion on Japanese Character—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Somaliland War—What We Have Gained—English Papers.
The Passing of Mr. Wyndham—By T. W. Russell, M.P., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Arctic Surgery—Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, in 'Leslie's Monthly.'
Health a Conquest—By Edward Carpenter, in the 'Commonwealth' [illegible].
Religious Pathology or Natural Science?—Beriah G. Evans, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Message of Micah—Sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, by the Hon. Perceval, D.D., Bishop of Hereford.—The 'Christian World Pulpit.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Concerning Dr. Arne—By John F. Runciman, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
F. C. G.—The Heaven born Delineator of Mr. Chamberlain—By E. V. Lucas, in the 'Spectator,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'Spring'—By James Thomson.
Spring—Verses from the 'Grey Brethren'—By Michael Fairless.
A New [illegible] by 'The Wonder Lesson.'
[illegible] 'Dear Enemy.'
The Uses of Free Libraries—Mr. John M[illegible] Books English Papers.
'Wot's This Here Lib'ry For?'—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Faith and the Future—C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Maxims of Marius—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Sir Hiram Maxim's Reply to Mr. Chesterton—'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

School Deformities—The New York 'Tribune.'
Doubts of Nippur's 'Temple Library'—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Simplon Tunnel—An Engineering Triumph—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Other Kinds of Flour—The Philadelphia 'Bulletin.'

THINGS NEW AND OLD.
PASSING EVENTS.

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Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—We have had too many letters to print all that came to us; but here are a few things that some of our writers have said that may interest some of you.

S. Agnes P., Mountain Grove, Ont., has a dog named Carlo who is twelve years old; he churns nearly all the butter.

Maud L., Burgessville, is training her dog to draw her sleigh.

Addie B., Beamsville, Ont., has a dog that can do a great many tricks.

Annie P. H., Renard, Ont., has no pets of her own, but plays a great deal with her father's calves and lambs.

Ralph E., Chipman, N.B., should be able to tell us a great deal about fruit, as he lives on one of the best orchards of mixed fruits in Canada.

Iva., L. T., Lindsay, Ont., has a sister who has carefully kept 'Messengers' with 'Daph' in for someone else to read. How many of you try to make the best use of your paper?

In summer Lyle P., Linwood, goes fishing every Saturday nearly. We wonder what kind of fish he catches, and if he fishes all alone.

Ethel C. B., Cuba, N.Y., has a brother who is the happy possessor of a pet crow.

Blanche B., Bronshaw, P.E.I., has learned two hundred Bible verses, and expects to receive a diploma from the Sunday-school superintendent.

Edward P., Brantford, Ont., likes working in his father's grocery store, and on Saturday takes customers' orders.

A goat is the pet of Mamie W., Dereham, Ont., and her brother. The goat often gives them a ride down the hill.

M. H. C. (age 10), Birch Ridge, tells us there is no school there this winter.

Pearl W., Grand Cascapedia, Que., says: 'I think Annie B. L. wrote a very nice letter.'

Ethel Muriel H., Middleville, Michigan, is trying for one of our premiums.

Andrew C., Bulwer, Que., studies at home when there is no school, besides helping his mother and father, and playing.

Rosa I. R., Urbaina, N.S., says they have no Sunday-school for the first three months in the year.

James S. T., Beckwith, Ont., likes the town much better than the country.

Helen E. J. Oak Point, N.B., informs us that there are nine passenger boats and quite a number of sailing vessels on the St. John river.

About the pictures, you will notice we have changed the rules again. When we spoke about drawing on cardboard we had in mind the fine white cardboard that city boys and girls can get. But now we will ask you to draw on white paper, only be sure it is white.

We will put letters by the young artists as far as possible in the same number as their pictures. If you do not find a letter corresponding to each drawing you may pretty safely conclude they have forgotten the seventh rule. Your loving friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

RULES.

1. Draw on white paper, five inches square.
2. Avoid shading.
3. Write your name, age and address on the other side. Also a name for your picture.
4. Use nothing but a good sharp pencil.
5. Don't expect to see one of your drawings more than once in three months.
6. No one older than eighteen should send in pictures.
7. Send letter explaining your picture.

Chatsworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you once before, and I was pleased to see it in print. This time I will tell you of an outing we had to Inglis Falls; my auntie, uncle and cousin from North Dakota and auntie and cousins from Toronto. We had a drive of about ten miles to the Falls. We arrived about twelve o'clock. Then we ate our lunch by the springs running out of the rock, and under the large shade trees. The tops of these trees are so wide that they reach across the road and make the road and roadside a beautiful place. After lunch we all went for a ramble around the Falls. One place there is a path about five feet wide, with high rocks on each side, that goes to the river, where we get a beautiful view of the Falls. We went around and up the rocks to the falls. One place there is a hollow where you go down under a rock and the water flows over your head. In the summer a great many people come to see the beautiful scenery and lots of picnics are held here. Our Sunday-school holds a picnic here every year. Right at the top there is a nice large flour-mill, and all around it nice picnic grounds. By the time we had seen all this we were tired and ready for home, so we all went up to the shade trees where our horses were resting, and started for home. ATTIE G.

South Maitland.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' I thought I would write now. I have taken the 'Messenger' one year now. I am trying for new subscribers. I cannot do without the paper myself, as it is a very nice paper indeed. My brother used to take the 'Messenger' when he was a little boy. He is married, and has the dearest little boy eleven months old. Baby has two grandmothers and one great-grandmother, and two grandfathers and also one great-grandfather. I think he is quite well off for grandparents. We have a horse and cow, which I call Darkey. We have a large dog—a great watch-dog. He is very intelligent. I live quite near the Midland Railway, and two churches. I am a Methodist. I am not going to school now, as the weather is very cold. I like our teacher very much. MASIE (age 13).

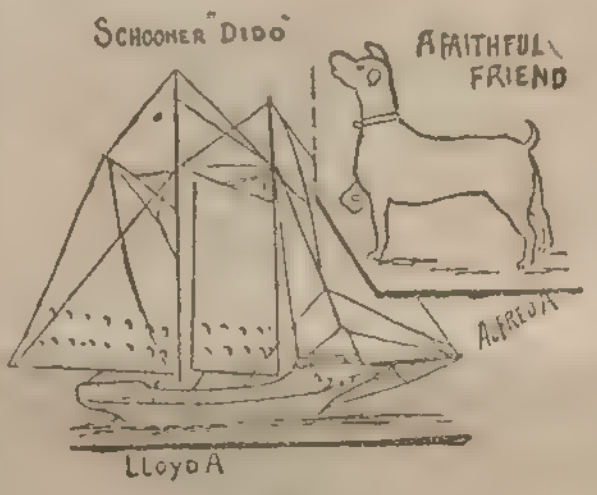
Beamsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—For pets we have two canary birds named Dick and Spot. We let them fly out in the room all afternoon. Spot chases Dick so much that we had to clip a wing and he cannot fly so fast now. He likes to look in the looking-glass, and we put a little one down on the window-sill, and he spends a great deal of his time talking and looking at himself. Dick is not so vain, for he will not look in the glass. When he goes to bed at night he always calls us to come and shut him in. Then he isn't easy until Spot is shut in, too. BEULAH R. (age 10).

Harrigan Cove, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My brother has been taking the 'Messenger' for three years, and as I had the misfortune to break my leg this winter, and cannot get out to school, I thought that I would write a letter and draw a picture for the 'Messenger,' as I love to read the Correspondence Page. I have three brothers, but no sisters. We live by the seashore, and my father is in the lobster business. My grandfather lives with us, and he is eighty-seven years old. ALFRED A.

(Here is also a picture from the brother of the above.—Cor. Ed.)



Caldwell's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the 'Messenger' for some time, and I am very much pleased with it. I think it is a nice paper for the young people. We get it in the Sunday-school every Sunday. My father is the Superintendent in the Sunday-school. We have a nice library there, too. I am ten years old, and I am going to school every day, and am in the third reader. There are two boys and I in it. A boy in our class has only one leg, and he has to go on crutches. We live right near the Clyde river, and can bathe in the summer-time and skate in the winter. The post-office is just a little piece from us, and the school, too. There is a cheese-factory about four miles from here. I am very fond of reading. We have two dogs and two cats. The dogs' names are 'Jack' and 'Sailor,' and we have also a nice little colt.

MICA C.

Frelighsburg, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' Frelighsburg, where I live, is a small village in the heart of a valley. There are hills all around. We go for picnics on the hills in summer. A river runs through here, called Pike River. It empties into Lake Champlain. It is very pretty here in summer, but very dreary in winter. I live in the centre of Frelighsburg. I am twelve years old and go to school, and I am in the first Model.

HILDA K.

Orillia.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and can say it is a good paper. I like its stories, for I like reading. Orillia is a nice little town, and is sometimes called the Tourists' Paradise. It is on Lake Couchiching.

PERCY C. (age 12).

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I have a mother, but my father is dead. I go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, spelling, physiology. I go to a country school. A friend of mine sent me the 'Messenger.' I think it is a very nice paper. The 'Messenger' was one of my Christmas presents. I thought it was the nicest present I had. For pets I have a dog. The dog's name is Bike. My dog weighs 115 pounds. This is my first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.'

ILA MARIE C. (age 11).

Rosebank, Man.

Dear Editor,—I received your Pictorial New Testament. It was a good prize for such little work. This is my third year for taking the 'Messenger.' I think it is a splendid paper. I was thirteen in February.

EWART M. G.

Maitland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have four brothers and two sisters. I live in a small village, and there are two stores and two churches, and a blacksmith shop, and it is along the river St. Lawrence. It is very pleasant in the summer. I go to school, and I also go to Sunday-school. I have read many books, some of them being: 'Black Beauty,' 'Willow Brook,' 'Little Pillows,' and 'Drifting Anchor.'

BURNICE MAUDE S. (aged 14).

Well Done, The West!

ANOTHER FLAG QUICKLY EARNED.

Since last issue a school in British Columbia has forwarded subscriptions enough to secure a four-yard flag and a book besides; and that too (like the Assiniboia school) without sending to us for any extra sample copies or any of our pretty flag cards. That shows how easily it can be done, though we will be pleased to send both on receipt of a post-card saying your school is going to work for a flag.

For all particulars as to this offer (open to every one), or for samples and flag cards, address 'Flag Department,' John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Apologizing Habit and its Cure.

The apologizing habit!

Is any trait of our fellow man or woman quite so distressing as a bad case of this particular malady?

It is only less annoying than family skeletons brought out in public.

And the cure?

Well, the best one is a good dose of apologies from another chronic apologist.

Said a bright woman the other day:

'I kept on making apologies for real or imaginary causes until I chanced to be the guest of a woman who went so far beyond what I had attained in that line that it occurred to me I was in a fair way of making my friends as uncomfortable as she unconsciously did me.

'This woman was an ideal housekeeper and one of the best of cooks; but not a meal did I enjoy of her serving, because of uncalled-for apologies.

'"I forgot to salt my bread and it is so tasteless that it is not fit to eat; I am afraid you cannot make out a supper."

'If I made haste to say that I had not noticed the omission and assured her that her cooking never called for excuses, she would accuse me of trying to flatter her and would continue to apologize, until at the end of a meal, I felt as if I had swallowed a stone, instead ot perfectly cooked food.

'Observation has taught me that guests, as a rule, do not see what in the eyes of the hostess seems to call for apology.

'I recently called upon a woman of culture and was greatly enjoying her vivid account of her trip abroad, when she suddenly came to a pause and in a shocked tone exclaimed: "The maid neglected to dust the piano. Why, I could write my name upon it!"

'Then from seeing through her eyes the beautiful scenery mine had never rested upon, I was called back to the drudgery of life; when the truth was that my back was toward the piano, and so I should, but for the apology, have remained in ignorance of the neglect of the maid. The call, which might otherwise have been wholly interesting, ended in complaints.

'The most enduring lesson came to me from one who, under the most trying circumstances, refrained from making any apologies. This sensible woman at that time I did not count as a friend, though I had long known of her as a gifted personality, and had once had the pleasure of entertaining her in my home, when she was a delegate to a convention.

'Finding myself in her home city, I thought I would call upon her. When I halted before the house I saw such an obstruction of plaster and debris that I was about to turn back, but a workman near the open door said: "If you are looking for Mrs. A., I will call her."

'"Oh, don't!" exclaimed I, thinking "not at home" would be the result, but the man evidently knew the woman he was working for. He bounded off; and an instant later the lady appeared at a door back of the parlors, which were being replastered, and with a warm welcome written on her face, exclaimed:

'"This isn't the sort of reception you gave me, but I am delighted to see you, anyhow." And then, when I was drawn into a room overcrowded with furniture, what cared I for the lack of order, in view of such a welcome?

'I had expected to go back to the hotel to lunch, but I forgot to note the flight of time as I conversed with the woman who was superior to trying circumstances; and never shall I forget how, with a roguish smile, she reminded me that it was lunch time by putting this query:

'"My dear, do you like hasty-pudding and milk?"

'When I unthinkingly responded to the affirmative, she exclaimed: "Then you must share my lunch with me, for otherwise I shall be all alone. Now, don't make excuses, for you will be doing me a real kindness to stay." I could not resist the invitation, which was evidently so heartfelt, and from that visit and simple meal date a friendship which has extended over long years, cemented at a time when almost any housekeeper would have excused herself from seeing anyone.

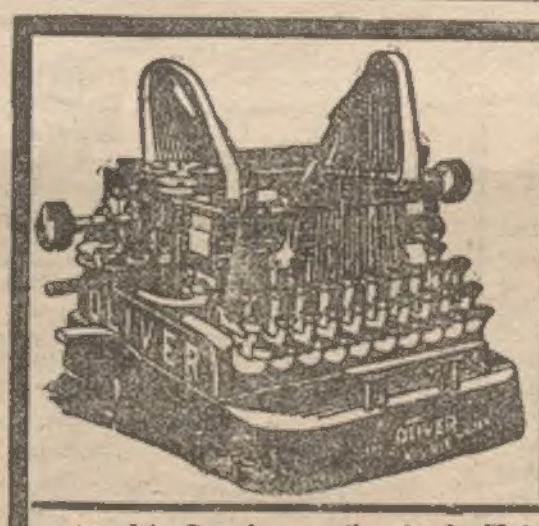
'In fact, so easily and unobtrusively does the habit grow that freedom from it under given circumstances may often be taken for an evidence of thoroughly good breeding.'—'Cleveland Leader.'

I CURED MY RUPTURE

I will show you how to cure yours FREE

"I was helpless and bedridden for years from a bad rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated upon. I fooled them all and cured myself by the Rice Method. I advise all ruptured persons to use this method," writes Mr. Robt. Howard, Muskoka Co., Ont. A **Free Trial** of this marvellous Method sent Free to all who write at once, giving description of their case. Thousands have been cured and **IT WILL CURE YOU.** Write to-day.

Dr. W. S. Rice, 21 East Queen St. Block 631 **Toronto, Ont.**



THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER

FACTORY has been removed to more commodious and suitable premises.

THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured in Canada as well as in the United States.

THE OLIVER, being manufactured in Canada, pays no duty as all other Standard machines do.

THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine.

The record of THE OLIVER has never been equalled.

Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADIAN OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

WHY NOT HAVE A NICE GARDEN?

when you can do so at such a small cost. JUST THINK! We give 29 varieties of vegetables and 6 packets of flower seeds (one liberal package of each). Also ¼ pt. each Sweet Corn, Wax Beans and Garden Peas for $1.00. We are able to do this because we have them all ready to send out the moment your order arrives. Therefore, no time lost in filling order.

$2.00 Vegetable and Flower Seed Collection for $1.00.

1 Pkt. Beet—Turnip
1 " Cabbage—Early Express
1 " " —Large Brunswick, short stemmed
1 " Carrot—Half-long Scarlet Nantes
1 " Cucumber—Thorburn's Everbearing.
1 " Onion—Large Red Wethersfield
1 " Parsnip—Imp. Hollow-crowned
1 " Pepper—mixed varieties
1 " Pumpkin—Calhoun
1 " Parsley—Taber's Exquisite
1 " Radish—Turnip-shaped Long Scarlet
1 " Salsify or Vegetable Oyster
1 " Spinach—Giant Thick leaved
1 " Squash—Orange Marrow Mixed summer varieties
1 " Tomato—Paramount
1 " Turnip—Red Top White Globe
1 " each Summer Savory, Sage, Thyme
½ Pint Corn—Early Sweet
½ " Beans—Dwarf Wax
1 Pkt. Cucumber—Pickling
1 " Celery — Giant Golden Heart
1 " Lettuce—Imp. Hanson
1 " Musk Melon—mixed varieties
1 " Water Melon— " "
1 " Vine Peach
1 " Onion—Yellow Globe Danvers
1 " Cauliflower—Extra Early Paris
½ Pint Peas—Early Dwarf Garden

FLOWER SEEDS

1 pkt. Balsam—best Double Mixed
1 " Aster—all varieties
1 " Mignonette—Large Flowering
1 " Stocks—Dwarf German Ten-week, mixed
1 " Phlox—Grandiflora, mixed
1 Nest-Egg Gourds

Send to-day while you think of it. You will never regret it. Address all orders to—

DARCH & HUNTER, Seedsmen, Coll. Dept., London, Ont.

Send for our Catalogue of Small Seeds or our Farm Catalogue for Farmers, Free.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

I WOULD LIKE EVERY WOMAN to write for our New Styles and Samples of $4.50 to $12 Suits in cloth, silk, linen and lustres; also raincoats, skirts and waists.
Manager **SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO.** London, Can. Dept. 19

THE BABY'S OWN

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy.. .. .. 40c
Three copies to separate addresses $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, also Cuba, Great Britain, Mexico, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

The Goops in Cooking Class.

(With apologies to Gelett Burgess.)

The Goops can't light the oven,
The Goops are scared of gas;
They never measure level,
They let ingredients pass.

The Goops spoil double boilers
By letting them go dry;
They do not use their thinkers—
That is the reason why.

The Goops cook horrid messes,
And get stuck up with goo;
Indeed I'm glad, I never had
To eat their stuff. Have you?

—Ellen M. Bartlett, in 'Good Housekeeping.

Selected Recipes.

Savoury Potatoes.—Peel ten medium-sized potatoes, cut them into slices a quarter of an inch thick, parboil, and drain them. Cut up two rashers of fat bacon into small pieces, fry these with a small chopped onion, dust with a little flour, and stir over the fire until brown. Add a tablespoonful of cream and enough white stock to make a smooth sauce. Season with pepper, salt, nutmeg, a pinch of thyme, marjoram, and a pinch of powdered bayleaf. Add the sliced potatoes, let them simmer until tender. Stir occasionally, but be careful so as not to break the slices. Just before serving stir in a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Turn on to a dish, and serve.—Mrs. Wynne.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer.

Has the indorsement of the highest medical authority in the world. It would seem strange indeed if persons afflicted with cancers and tumors, after knowing the facts, would resort to the dreaded knife and burning plaster, which have hitherto been attended with such fatal results. The fact that in the last ten years over one hundred doctors have put themselves under this mild treatment shows their confidence in the new method of treating those horrible diseases. Persons afflicted will do well to send for free book giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE TO SABBATH SCHOOLS

The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

The Subscription rate for Sabbath-school clubs is only Twenty Cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks **FREE OF CHARGE,** in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

Dollar values.

A dollar bill is easy to remit and will pay for :—

Daily Witness
World Wide
Northern Messenger } **All for 3 Months.**

Or it will pay for :—

Weekly Witness
World Wide
Northern Messenger } **All for 6 Months.**

Or it will pay for any one of the following :—

Daily Witness for four months.
Weekly Witness for twelve months.
World Wide for eight months.

These offers are good anywhere in the following countries :—

Postpaid to Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted, Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

Postal Union Countries other than the above, postage extra.

For the convenience of the remitter the following blank may be filled in and wrapped around the dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, ——— 1905.

Dear Sirs,—

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar, for which please send me

The Daily Witness for ——— months,
The Weekly Witness for ——— months,
World Wide for ——— months,
The Northern Messenger for ——— months,

as in your offer of Dollar values

Remitter's name .....

and address .....

The most serviceable and keen

KNIFE FREE.

Just for selling one dozen copies of our new century publication, 'World Wide', at 5 cents each. A fifty cent certificate accompanies each copy. Sells at sight to the best people in each community. It is the cheapest and best of its kind.

This is a regular Man's Jack Knife, and any boy who gets it will have something to be proud of. Ask by post card for one dozen copies of 'World Wide,' and they will be sent immediately.

Peterboro, March 21st, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I received the 'World Wide' to-day, and started to sell them right away. It took me about half-an-hour to sell them all.

L. FAUX.

German Omelette.—Mix together a dessertspoonful of cornflour, a teaspoonful of wheaten flour, and two teaspoonfuls of cold milk. Boil half a pint of milk with four or five lumps of sugar. Stir it into the flour, and let the mixture get thick over the fire, add two well-beaten eggs. Melt half an ounce of butter, spread it over a couple of dishes, pour in the omelettes, and bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. When they are of a nice brown color, remove them from the oven, spread over half of each a spoonful of strawberry jam. Fold the other half over, cover with sifted sugar, and serve.—R. Diamond.

Potato Pancakes, with Cheese.—Grate six large raw peeled potatoes, moisten with a gill of milk. Mix with three yolks of raw eggs, half an ounce of butter, and an ounce of bread-crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Add a handful of grated cheese and a little flour. Make into a smooth batter. Fry in small lots in an omelette pan, with rather more butter than is generally used for pancakes. When fried, sprinkle with grated Swiss or Cheddar cheese. Fold them, and dish up on a folded napkin or dish-paper.—Mrs. Wynne.

Suet Pudding.—One cup suet, chopped fine, one cup of molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup raisins, half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful each cinnamon and cloves, four cups flour; steam for three hours.

EARN OVER $10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvassing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

Boys' Watch Free

We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled **"1904 CARICATURED"** at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last for years with care.

There is nothing on the market that compares with **"1904 CARICATURED,"** and it is so cheap that there is no trouble in selling it, especially with the fifty cent certificate thrown in. We printed thirty thousand of these the other day and they are nearly all sold already. Write for your dozen of **"1904 CARICATURED"** to-day, post card will bring them by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

PENDLETON,
March 17th, 1905,

Firs,—Please find enclosed $1.20 for the watch. I sold all your papers. They sold like wild fire. I hope to hear f om you soon.

FRANK J. WYLIE.

COSTS YOU NOTHING

We send you, postpaid, 10 handsome 25c. Home Cook Books to sell amongst your friends at 10c. each. Each one contains **739** tested Recipes and other valuable information for housekeepers. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you a very handsome Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with three very large beautiful pink Pearls and magnificent Imitation Diamonds, that flash and sparkle just like Real Diamonds, also a handsome Lady's Hand Bag, worth $1.50 alone, latest style, containing separate purse, fine imported leather, silver clasps and fancy handle. Understand, we give both the Ring and Hand Bag for selling only 10 Cook Books. You take no risk. We trust you with the Books and take back what you can't sell. The Maxwell Co., Dept. **425**, Toronto, Ontario

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DON'T SEND US ONE CENT

We trust you with 20 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c each. Nothing easier, boys. When sold return us the money and we'll promptly send you this handsome Boy's Flag Watch, the newest thing out—made a big hit at the World's Fair. Fine expansion balance, quick train, polished hour, minute and seconds hands, reliable movement, silver nickel case or handsome 14k, gold-plated case, whichever you prefer, ornamented with the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack in colors. Everyone will say it's a beauty as soon as you take it out of your pocket. But that's not all. We're going to give a Grand Prize of a $25 Bicycle Free to the person who sells our Seeds in the shortest time. Here is a chance for a hustling boy. Write for the Seeds to-day, and we'll send them postpaid. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPARTMENT 427, TORONTO, ONT.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neck wear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 441 Toronto

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BOYS! HERE'S THE BEST EVER A DAISY RIFLE AND $25 BICYCLE FREE

Send us your name and address to-day and we'll mail you postpaid 15 of our large fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada to sell at 10c. each. When sold, return the money and for your trouble we'll give you the best Air Rifle made—a strong, accurate shooter, safe, sure and harmless. Worth $1.50 in your store. We will also give you an opportunity to enter our Grand Free Bicycle Contest by which every boy has a chance to win a new model High Grade regular $25 Bicyle absolutely Free. Boys, don't miss such a grand chance. Think what sport it will be to jump on a bicycle, with a Rifle on your back, ride out to the country and shoot ducks and squirrels. This advertisement may not appear again. Write to-day sure. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **421**, Toronto

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Win a WATCH and BICYCLE

All you have to do is to sell only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties. They sell like hot cakes. We send them to you postpaid. When sold return the money you get for them, and we will promptly send you a lovely little Lady's or Girl's Watch, gold hands, fancy dial, accurate movement, handsomely polished case, ornamented with roses and leaves in colors, a very beautiful watch and a good time-keeper. Girls' Read. If you will write us to-day, and be prompt in selling the seeds we will enter your name in our Grand Bicycle Contest by which every Girl and Lady will have a chance to win a **New Model $25.00 Bicycle, absolutely free.** Remember all you have to do is to sell only 24 packages of seeds. Don't miss such a grand chance. Address: The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 438 Toronto

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FREE GENUINE Ostrich Plume

Black or white, long, very full and beautifully curled. You couldn't buy it in your store for less than **$3.00**. Any lady can make herself a very stylish hat, worth at least **$10.00**, by simply trimming an ordinary shape with our handsome Ostrich plume. It won't cost you one cent. We will give you this **Genuine Ostrich Plume, full size,** (no imitation, remember). If you will sell only 20 of our handsomely bound 25c. Cook Books at 15c. each. Each book contains **739** tested recipes and other valuable hints and information for housekeepers. Write for the Cook books to-day and we'll mail them postpaid. When sold return the money and we'll promptly send you this **Genuine Ostrich Plume** for your trouble. You risk nothing. We trust you with our Books and take back what you cannot sell. Address The Maxwell Co., Dept. **426**, Toronto, Ontario

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EASY TO GET

We trust you with 16 of our handsomely bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books to sell at 15c. Each one contains **739** tested Recipes and other valuable information for housekeepers. No trouble to sell them. When sold, return money, and for your trouble we will give you the loveliest little Watch, stem wind and set, decorated dial, French crystal, fancy Gold hands and polished Silver nickel case, enamelled in beautifully colored designs. Every girl or lady who answers this advertisement to-day will get a chance to win a New Model, High Grade $25 Bicycle Free. We send Cook Books postpaid. Address The Maxwell Co., Dept. 443 Toronto

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WE TRUST YOU

With sixteen beautiful Turnover Collars to sell for us at only 15c each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little watch with gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. The collars are handsomely made of fine lace and lawn and sell regularly in stores for 25c. At 15c you can sell them all in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the collars postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, Dept. 450 Toronto, Ont.**

BOYS, GIVE US AN HOUR AFTER SCHOOL AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A $3.00 FOOTBALL.

We say an hour, but most of the boys don't take half that time to sell 2 doz. of our large, beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. Everybody buys them, and for doing this easy work we will give you one of the best Balls made, Association or Rugby, whichever you choose, best quality leather, good rubber bladder. You could'nt buy it in your town under $3.00. Over 2,000 boys are enjoying the game of football to-day with balls that they earned by doing a little work for us. You're next. Write to-day and we'll mail the seeds postpaid. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 416, Toronto.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powasson, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Chaverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

EARN THIS WATCH.

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid: THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 10 of our fast selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Write us now and we'll mail them postpaid. They are so large, so beautiful and so cheap that everybody buys. When sold return the money, and, for your trouble, we'll give you a lovely Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with three very large beautifully colored Pink Pearls and perfect imitation Diamonds that glisten and sparkle just like real Diamonds. We'll also give you an opportunity to win a High Grade Lady's or Girl's New Model $25 Bicycle Free, without selling any more seeds. Write to-day sure. **The Dominion Seed Co., TORONTO, DEPT. 432,**

GRAND FREE RIFLE OFFER TO BOYS

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts and Kills Rats, Birds, etc., at a Distance of 50 Feet.

We have a large stock of Glass Pens which we want to clear out before spring. That is why we are making the grandest offer ever made. It is this: Any boy who will dispose of only 15 of our Glass Pens at 10c. each, we will give Free a genuine Steel Barrel Hunting or Target Rifle, latest model, all parts interchangeable, provided with pistol grip, true sights, harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately. Boys have use for such a gun every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers. Send us your name and address to-day and we will mail you the 15 Glass Pens postpaid. You can easily sell them in 10 minutes. They are wonderful Pens, made entirely of glass and write a page with one dip of ink. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you the Rifle just as described.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE OFFER

In order to further stimulate the sale of our Glass Pens we will as long as the stock lasts give a Graphophone and one Record Free to the first boy in every town and village who earns a Rifle. Write to-day and make sure of getting this Extra Prize. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 490 TORONTO, Ontario**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

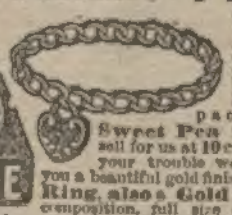
All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 441 Toronto, Ont**

EASY TO GET

A Dolly that Goes to Sleep and a $25.00 Bicycle FREE

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid, 15 packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Girls, you never saw anything sell so fast. They are so big and beautiful. They contain such a splendid mixture of large, deliciously fragrant flowers that everybody buys. When sold, return the money and we will give you this lovely Girl Doll, handsomely dressed from head to foot, real bisque head, blue eyes, pink cheeks, pearly teeth, golden curls, a perfect beauty, that you can dress, undress and put to bed, for this Girl Doll is dressed just like you—real stockings and slippers, lace trimmed underwear and stylish dress, and hat that you can take off as often as you like. Besides this lovely Girl Doll we will give you an opportunity to get a High Grade $25.00 Bicycle, Lady's or Girl's size, **Absolutely Free.** This is the best chance you ever had. Don't miss it. Just think, all we ask you to do is to sell only 15 packages of Seeds, and it won't take longer than 10 minutes. We trust you. Don't send us any money. A few of these big beauty Girl Dolls shut their eyes and go to sleep—not many, and they will be given away first, so be sure to write to-day. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 423 TORONTO Ont**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

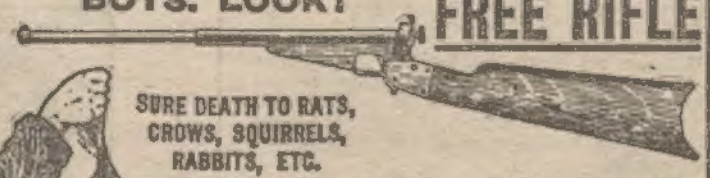


GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **401** Toronto

WHAT BOY WANTS A WATCH and BICYCLE?

If you do, send us your name and address and we'll mail you postpaid, 15 large, beautiful colored packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. each. Send us the money you get for them and for your work we'll give you one of the handsomest Boy's watches you ever saw—solid silver nickel case, highly polished, accurate American movement, porcelain dial, good plain figures, fine blue steel hands, heavy bevelled French crystal—a splendid time-keeper and a watch that any boy would be proud to wear. **Grand Extra Prize.**—If you will write us to-day and be prompt in selling the Seeds, we will give you an opportunity to get a **New Model High Grade $25 Bicycle absolutely free** without selling any more Seeds. We are a reliable company and do exactly what we say. Our Sweet Pea Packages are the easiest things you ever tried to sell. Write at once. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 422, Toronto.**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c. each.** The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

SEND NO MONEY

If You want this Beautiful WATCH and RING

All you have to do is to sell only 7 of our large, beautifully bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c. each. Each one contains 120 Choice Recipes. Every lady will buy one as soon as she sees them. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a lovely Gold finished Pearl and Diamond Ring, any size. The stones are so beautifully colored, so brilliant and sparkling that they can hardly be told from the real gems. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome 14k. Gold finished, beautifully engraved Watch, Lady's or Gent's size free as an extra Prize. THE MAXWELL CO., Department 441 Toronto.

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Metcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 432 **Toronto.**

Earn a CAMERA and BICYCLE

Go for a Ride and Take Pictures of What You See.

All you have to do is to sell only 15 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. **It won't take 10 minutes,** and for your trouble we will give you, Free, a Camera and Outfit and full instructions, so that you can learn how to take pictures and print them in a few hours. Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, Hypo, Developer, Fixing Powder, etc., etc., everything necessary to make good pictures. We will also give you an opportunity to get a new model Bicycle, boy's or man's size, an up-to-date wheel that you couldn't buy in your town for less than **$25.00, Absolutely Free,** without selling any more Seeds. Remember, only 15 packages of Seeds to sell, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. Write to-day and we will mail the Seeds, postpaid. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. **411,** Toronto, Ont

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

Punch and Judy 27-in. High FREE

These figures come in beautiful fast oil colors on strong sateen, and they can be stuffed with cotton or old rags of any kind, as directions will show. Boys and Girls, do you know how much fun there is giving a Punch and Judy show? Do you know how many pennies you can make, too? Then why not have a Punch and Judy of your own? You can get them for nothing from us if you will sell only 15 large beautiful packages of our fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, and in endless combinations of beautiful colors. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. It won't take 10 minutes to sell the whole 15. Write to-day, and we will mail you the seeds postpaid, and as soon as we get the money for them we will send you this Punch and Judy free. There are barrels of fun in store for you. Don't delay. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 407, Toronto**

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Best thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully-colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 436 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

EASILY EARNED

You can easily sell 12 of our large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds in a few minutes and just as soon as you send us the money you get for them we will give you, Free, a big, handsome, perfect running, upright Steam Engine. It is a beauty; interesting and instructive, and perfectly safe. It has a brass boiler, sheet iron fire box, and everything that goes to make a perfect Engine. We will also give you an opportunity to get a beautiful $10 Watch Free. All you have to do is to sell only 12 packages of our Seeds. Everybody buys them. Write to-day. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 412, Toronto, Ont.

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